

# Kindergarten Limericks



by Florence E. Scott





Class PZ8

Book - 3 S426H

Copyright N<sup>o</sup>

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**





















# KINDERGARTEN LIMERICKS

*The Verses by*  
FLORENCE E. SCOTT

*The Pictures by*  
ARTHUR O. SCOTT

*With a Foreword by Lucy Wheelock*



---

How a child from day to day  
Reveals himself in happy play !

---

NEW YORK  
HURST AND COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS



MAY 17 1915

25.5.61 - May 20.15.

# LUCY WHEELOCK

whose personality and teaching  
have inspired many kindergartners

THESE RHYMES OF REAL CHILDREN

ARE APPRECIATIVELY

# DEDICATED





## FOREWORD

*"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the best of men."*

Children as well as their elders enjoy nonsense. Mother Goose has been a "best seller" for many generations of children. Recent appeals to a child's sense of humor have not always been as happy as the contributions of Mother Goose. Foolish tricks and sensational situations appeal rather to the love of excitement than to the enjoyment of humor.

Repetition, unexpected situations, delightful incongruities and the delicately grotesque are desirable elements in the child's literature of humor. The alphabet rhymes and the varied types of children suggested by KINDERGARTEN LIMERICKS will make their appeal to children and to their elders who enjoy nonsense and fun.

There is need now of a larger amount of humor and good cheer to keep the balance of life. May this little book speed on its mission of cheer!

LUCY WHEELOCK.

Wheelock School  
100 Riverway, Boston  
March 24, 1915





# KINDERGARTEN LIMERICKS



## KINDERGARTEN LIMERICKS

**A**N artist in earnest is Arty,  
His voice leads the rest of  
the party;  
In song and in game  
And in work, he's the same:  
And he draws with a zest just as hearty.









**A**LTHO' he'll be notable never,  
**H**is drawings remain far from  
clever,

**H**is spirit of zeal

**M**akes everyone feel

**T**he worth of his slightest endeavor



**B**LESSINGS on bright little **B**et,  
Her questions are not answered

yet :

“How old is the world?”

“What makes hair be curl’d?”

And “Why do folks ever forget?”









“**B**UT *what* makes the winter so  
cold?”

“**A**ND *why* do folks have to grow old?”

“**N**OW *why* can’t I fly  
Like a wee butterfly?”

**A**ND “*Why* can’t a secret be told?”



**C**ULTURED is Charles Carol  
Crown

W hose brow wears a psychical frown.

“I am four years,” says he,

“T his is easy for me,—

G ive me problems,” says Charles  
Carol Crown.







“**C**ALL me Charles and not Charlie,”  
says he,

“I’ve grown to be big, don’t you see?

I can count, I can write,

I can even recite,

Don’t treat me as tho’ I were *three!*”



DOWN tumbles dear dusty Dick  
With his glossy black licorice  
stick.

So much candy he eats  
Ev'ry record he beats;  
It's a wonder he's not always sick.







**D**OUBTLESS he's spared such a  
fate,—

**W**e're glad to have this to relate,—

**F**or his friends all maintain

**T**he truth of his claim:

**T**hat he gave away more than he ate!



**E**STHER Elizabeth Earle  
Has a smile all ruby and pearl;  
Her merry eyes dance,  
Her tip-toes advance,  
She comes with a dash and a whirl.







**E**ACH of her friends has a curl  
To remind him of little

Miss Earle,

Who banishes gloom

Like summer in bloom;

This light-hearted, bright-hearted girl.



**F**UNNY is quick-tempered **F**red.  
His hair is scorchingly red.

It curls 'round your finger

And clings, if you linger,

And clusters all over his head!







FANCY his feelings and fears  
When playfellows' footsteps he  
hears.

"Don't step on my toys,  
You careless, big boys!"  
He cries 'mid tempestuous tears.



**G**ENTLE is shy little **G**race,  
    **Y**ou must stoop if you look in  
                    her face;

**H**er head droops so low,  
    'Neath a butterfly bow,  
**T**hat her chin is quite hidden in lace.









**G**ENTLY her fingers you press,  
She shyly allows your caress,  
Then smiles her surprise  
With up-tilted eyes,  
And snuggles up close to your dress.



**H**ARRY is oft in a hurry;  
In fact, he creates quite a  
flurry.

**W**hen he goes down the lane  
**W**ith his stout hurry-cane,  
**Y**ou're almost inclinèd to worry!





**I**N the midst of the fun is Irene,  
Executive, clever, and keen;  
Were the teacher away  
The scepter she'd sway,  
And the rest would accept her as queen.







**I**N games when she's chosen to lead,  
She governs with order and speed,  
She settles disputes,  
Wrong stories refutes,  
And warns them her teachings to heed.



**J**UDITH is joyous and just,  
Have rights she says that she  
must.

When out for a walk,  
Said she, "I must talk;  
If I don't, I fear I shall 'bust'!"







**J**UST then there chanced to appear  
A junco which she wished to hear.

“Now, Tam, not a squeak!”

Then “Hush! Do not speak!”

She cried as some children drew near.



**K**ATHERINE is courteous and  
kind;

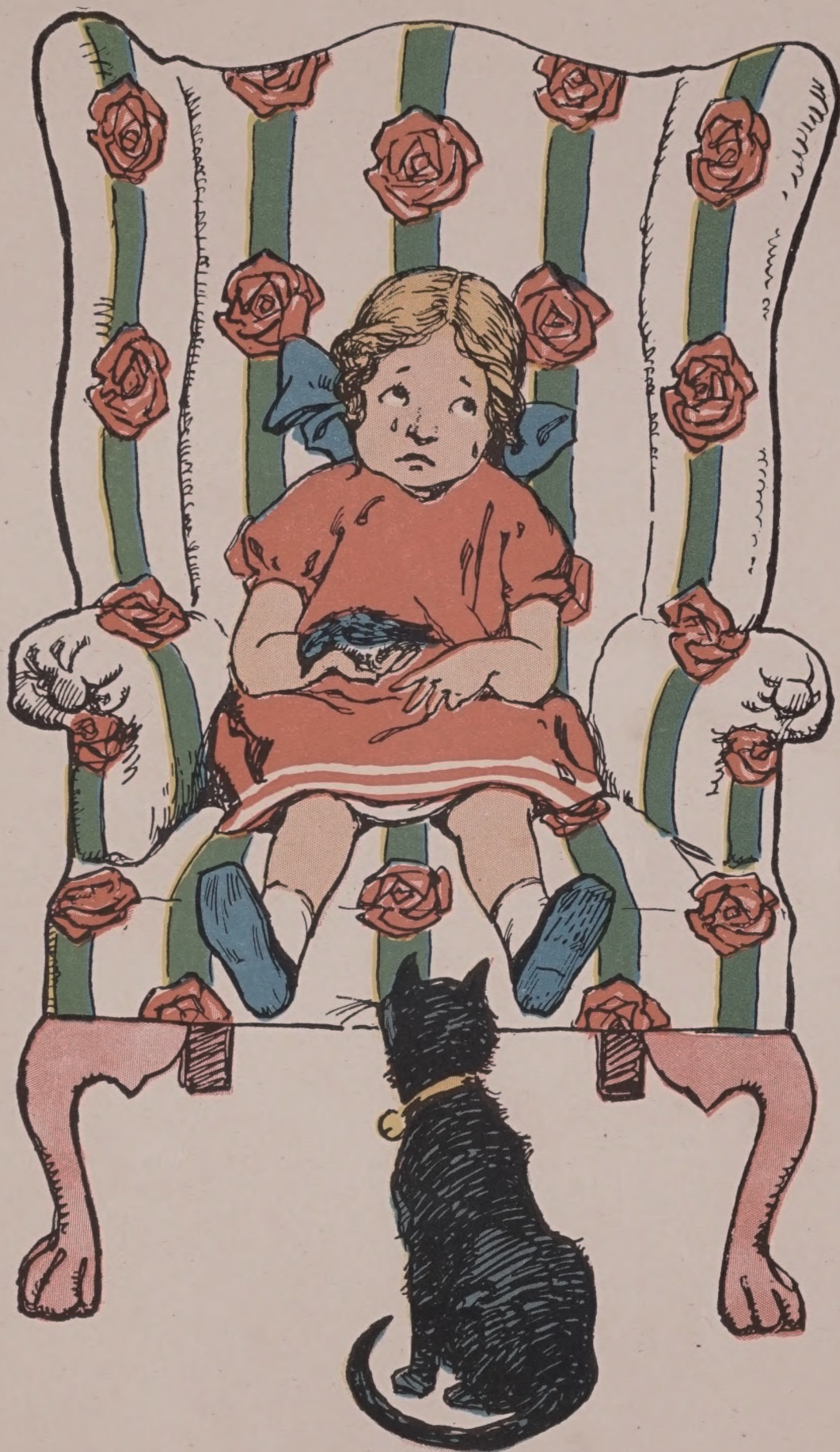
She has a compassionate mind.

“There, isn’t that sad?”

And, “Ain’t it too bad?”

Are expressions her sympathies find.









**K**ARMA, her cat, is so crude,  
So un-mis-tak-ably rude,  
That into her grief,  
As cause or relief,  
The kitten seems bound to intrude.



**L**OOK at our lovable Lou,—  
She's sure to be looking at you!  
Her innocent eyes  
Are big with surprise,  
And she looks, and then looks, till she's  
thro'!







**L**OU has a chance to be wise  
If she follows the lead of her  
eyes.

For what they don't see  
Is—between you and me,—  
Too slight to attempt to surmise.



**M**AYHAP you have met our dear  
Mat,

He's a wee bit inclined to be fat.

He skips in the game

Like an elephant lame,

And skips in dead earnest, at that.







**M**AT'S funnier still when he flies.  
**B**ut no one would laugh as

he tries

**T**o show how a crow

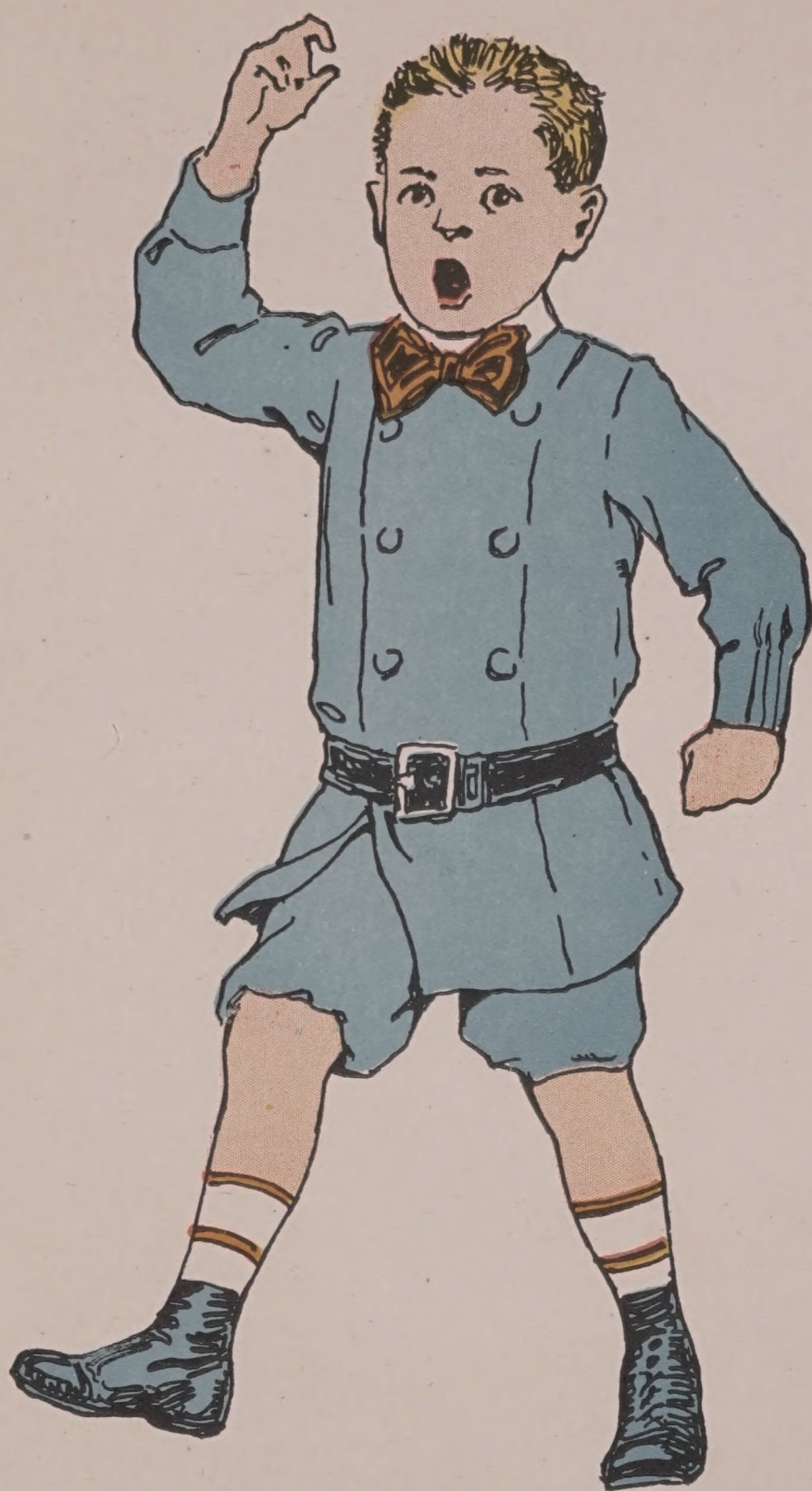
**F**lies high or flies low,

**A**nd flaps when it's starting to rise.



**N**EXT is our wilful young **N**ed,  
Who rules by a nod of his  
head.

And if one rebels,  
A series of yells  
Enforce his command, it is said.







**N**EVERTHELESS our young friend  
    **F**inds some whom his will  
                    cannot bend.

**A**nd he'll have to learn  
    **A**dvancement to earn  
**B**y ruling himself, in the end.



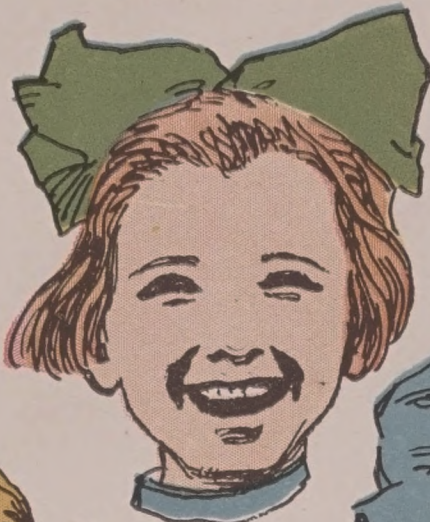
**O**NCE in the class with small **O**ra  
Were **C**ora, and **D**ora, and  
    **F**lora;

And when they got mixed,  
Re-numbered and fixed,  
**B**ehold, there came **L**ora and **N**ora!





LORA



NORA



FLORA



CORA



DORA



ORA





“**O**H, what a group of bright faces!”  
Cried **T**eacher, arranging  
their places.

“**O**n any dark day  
**W**e’ve only to say,  
Look at this **R**ainbow of **G**rades!”



**P**RETTY and proud is our **P**olly,  
    **W**ithal she is wondrously jolly;  
    **S**he takes quick offense,  
    **I**s swift in defense,  
**B**ut never remains melancholy.







**P**RACTICAL, also, is **P**olly.

She thinks to be helpless is  
folly.

She works, it is said,

With hands and with head

**T**ill her cheeks are like berries of holly.



**Q**UERULOUS, quarrelsome, queer,  
Is **Q**uentin, the son of a seer;  
So strange is his way  
In the circle at play,  
It provokes both the laugh and the tear.







QUENTIN is quick to resent,  
To question your friendly  
intent.

But when he feels sure  
His faith may endure,  
He loves you with utter content.



**R**ESTLESS and ruthless is **R**oy.  
Of course, he's his mother's  
chief joy,

**Y**et he's up to more tricks,  
**W**ith strings and with sticks,  
**T**han the statutes allow to one boy!







**R**OVING throughout the long day  
At school or at home or at play,  
He leaves in his train  
The fruits of his brain  
In wreckage and ruin, they say.



**S**TILL as a mouse is slim **S**tella,  
As innocent-looking as **B**ella:  
When mischief doth brew  
'**T**is traced to those two,  
'**M**id the tears and complaints of  
**R**odella.







SAYS Stella: "Dell's easy to  
tease.

It's fun to hear her say, 'Please,

Oh, please do not tease!

Oh, tease me not, please!'

She's *afraid*; so we tease her with ease."



TRUTHFUL is tiny Tom Tory,  
Tho' his tales are often quite  
gory.

With others he vies  
Till it seems that he lies,  
But he says, "That is only a story!"







“**T**OM killed a deer!” he declares.  
And “**T**om chased a dozen  
big bears!”

“**A**nd **T**om shot a gun

**T**hat hitted the sun;

**'N'** he'll hit the moon when he dares!”



URIAH you scarcely can blame  
For staggering under his name.

“But the name is so rare,”

Claims his fond, doting mère.

Still—we think it is really a shame.







**U**RIAH has taken a vow,—  
Unknown to his fond mother  
now,—

**T**hat when he's grown up  
**H**e'll buy a bull pup,  
**A**nd call himself **B**ill, anyhow!



**V**ICTORIA Viola Vilette  
Is merely a marionette;  
She walks like her brother,  
And mimics her mother,  
And says she's a "suffer-agetten."







**V**ICTORIA talks to her mates  
Of speeches, petitions, and dates.

She says that a vote  
Is Father Dear's note  
To "President United States"!



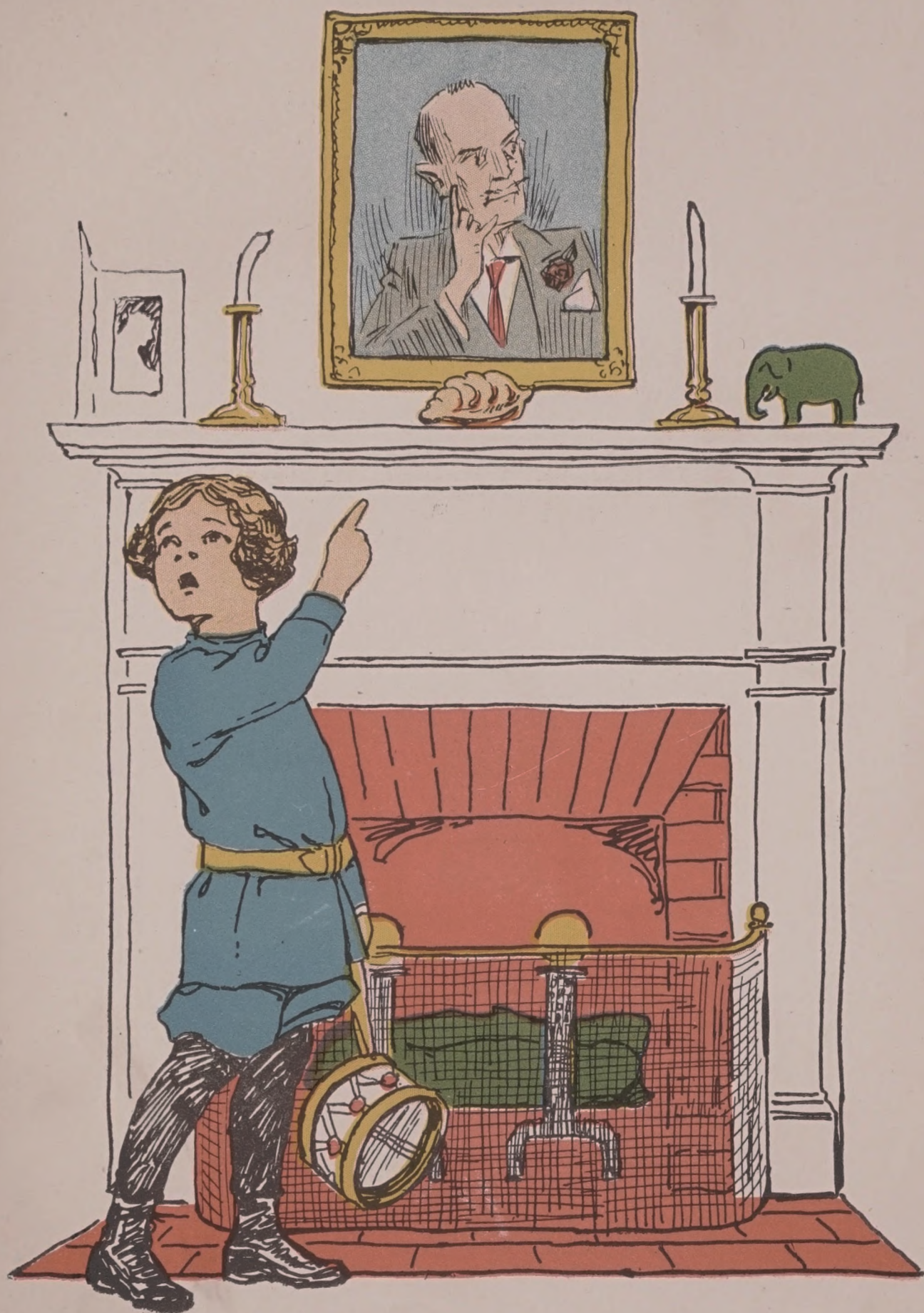
WILLIE tried hard to define  
His age and his father's  
and mine.

"Now *I'm* five years old,"

Then growing more bold

He added, "And *father* is *nine!*"









“**W**HEN is your birthday?” he  
said.

**T**hen eagerly nodded his head:

“**D**id you *teach* **P**a when he  
**W**as as little as me?”

**T**he *name* that they called him was Fred.”



**X**EN'PHON with **X**anthous hair  
He walks with a lordly air;  
Will he think till too late  
That his name makes him great?  
Ah! that's a delusion, for fair!







**X**IPHOID is **X**enophon's speech:  
It hurts like the clasp of a leech.

**W**on't he see till too late

**T**hat his words will win **H**ate?

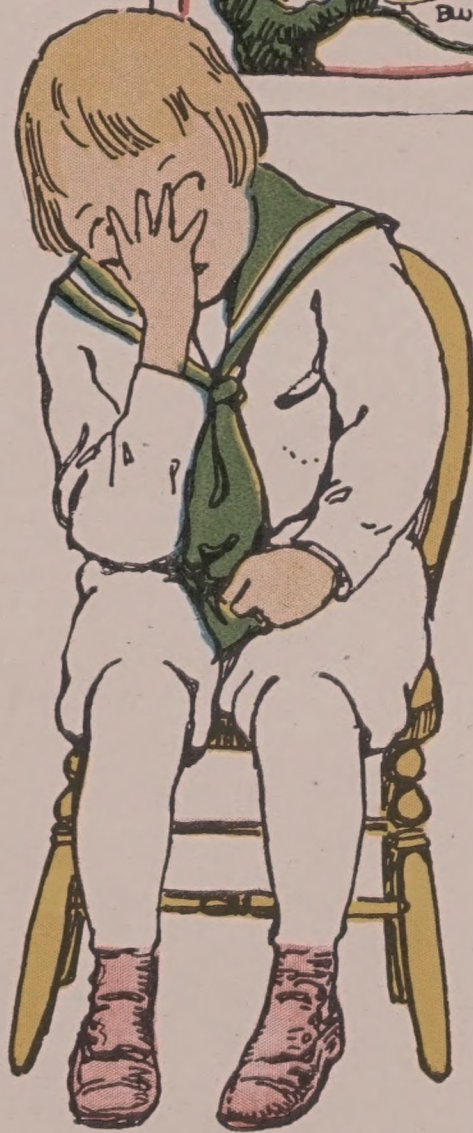
**W**hile **L**ove flutters out of his reach:



**Y**ORICK sat last in the row;  
He sought me and whispered  
quite low,

“O-oh! Phil raised his head  
When the prayer was said.”

“Perhaps so. *But how did you know?*”







“**Y**ES!” rejoined **P**hil from his  
place,

**H**earing his name in the case;

“**A**nd now, **M**ister **Y**orry,

**I** guess *you* are sorry

**Y**ou told what I did with my face!”



**Z**AYMA is zealous, indeed,  
She works with intelligent speed;  
And when she is done  
She turns to some one  
With help, if she sees there is need.







L'ENVOI.

**Z**ERO is nothing, you kn**O**,

A cipher that's round like an **O**,

So a circle is naught, —

To say this, I ought, —

When homeward the children all g**O**.

Finis.



























LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020927811